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ABSTRACT

OF THE

UNION - Tragedy,

In the Death of

Caledon and *Cardenia.*

Edinburgh, 22d *July*, *Anno* 1706.

WRITTEN,

In part blank Verſe, part Rhyme, and part Proſe.

BY

GABRIEL NISBET.

Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.
Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Impoſuit. fixit Leges pretio atque refixit.

Virg.

EDINBURGH:

Printed in the Year 1735.

*77-153

Epistle Dedicatory.

TO all in general, the Offspring of those illustrious Fathers, with whom alone, to their immortal Honour, all other Considerations gave Way to that of their Country, while Thousands were asleep in Security, and, drunk with the Opium of an Indian *Trade, dream'd of nothing else than Honour and Empire, without having an Eye to the Purchase; and those so numerous, that after all the Scrutiny into the School of Actors, it will no where appear, that I have singled out any one Sett of People or Persons, as the first Movers in this melancholy Affair, albeit, I have mentioned the great* MURRAY *and* HAMILTON, *as a mighty Bar to these serpentinal Projects. And I may, without Censure, say, That this Union would never have commenc'd, had it not been countenanced and carried on by a great Part of our People, then in Power: From all of which, may this find an Asylum in you, and vouchsafe it a Reading, which, (as an Abstract) tho' it is not what it ought to be, yet is all the Author could attain to, who is ambitious to subscribe himself,*

MY LORDS, and Others,

Your humble and obedient Servant,

GABRIEL NISBET.

P. S. By Way of PREFACE.

I Wrote not this with an Eye to Profit, nor as a dramatick Piece for the Stage; but as a woeful Memorial of our being at once our own Betrayers; and supposing it might take with some, the sincere Lovers of their Country, I adventured to publish it. What I have omitted, for Brevity's Sake, the Reader may see at large in the several Articles of the *Union*, printed at *Edinburgh*, *Anno* 1706, by Order of the Commissioners there.

Perſons Repreſented,

I. Queen *Caledon*, the ſame with *Albion* or *Scotland*.
II. Princeſs *Cardenia*, from *Carduus* a Thiſtle, the Badge of that Nation.
III. Queen *Roſanna*, referring to a Roſe, the Repreſentative of *England*.

Scots *Union Makers*.

IV. Lord *Buſh*.
V. Lord *Branch-ha*.
VI. Lord *Trapſtone*.
VII. Lord *Ramfield*.

Engliſh *Commiſſioners for the* Union.

VIII. Lord *Ox*.
IX. Lord *Or*. } Earls of *Ford*.

Union *Oppoſers*.

X. Lord *Caſtrum Caledonium*.
XI. Lord *Bel-portus*.
XII. Sir *Damon Deley*, Commander of thoſe in Arms againſt the *Union*.

Guards and Attendants.

The Union *Tragedy.*

ACT I. SCENE I. *Edinburgh* Senate-Houſe.

ARGUMENT. *The* Scots *Union-Makers having propoſed a Confederat Union with* England, *are oppoſed therein by* Caledon *and* Cardenia.

Enter *Caledon* and *Cardenia:*

Cal. WHat mortal Creature of contracted Span,
Or Empreſs under either Pole enjoys
A more Serene, ſedate, and ſovereign Sway,
Than I who feel a Dawn of full Content,
A friendly Conſcience, foreign to accuſe
My ſelf or Subjects in a Silver Age,
Where Vertue bloſſoms in immortal Youth,
Without the Alloy of intended Vice.
--- What Empire under Heaven, has to this Day
Produced moe Worthies, and maintain'd a War
Two thouſand Years with an unequal Hoſt;
Yet in my Handful was my Hopes repos'd.
[*a Sound of Trumpets.*]
But ha the Speech of Trumpets while we ſport,
Behold *Cardenia*! hither comes the Court.

Card. The Royal Court, hear how the joyful Croud
Of Townſmen trumpet round their loud Huzza's,
And Echo out the (*a*) Regal'as Approach.
They come, their Country's Love, no leading Force,
Nor armed Rear of reeling Foot and Horſe,
But Angel Guards conduct them to the Throne,
And, rooted there, they reap a Golden Age.

Enter,

(*a*) *Regala pro Regalia.*

Enter the Counſel. *Lord* Buſh *at Sight of* Cal. *and* Card.

Lord *Buſh.* Bleſs'd Sight! the very Soul of our Deſires,
The divine two, twin Siſters, twice unite
In awful Empire; all the oval *North*,
And *Albion*, Age confeſs the far fam'd Two.

Lord Buſh *to* Caledon.

Hail Sovereign Mother, if a Subject may,
With all Submiſſion to that ſacred Name,
Make bold to bleſs the Beauties of that Day,
When ever after ſhall our *Caledon*
Shine like an Angel from *Edina*'s Throne,
And ſtand eſtabliſh'd by a State Affair.

Cal. My Lord, altho' I know not the Deſign;
Yet if it do redound to *Albion*'s Good,
And for the Glory of our *Grampian* Throne,
That is ſufficient of its ſelf alone,
To claim a ſtrict Conformity in us.
--- 'Tis natural in a Parent to approve
Her Childrens Virtues, and perſiſt in Love.
And 'tis the Duty of a Child, to ſhun
Whate'er the Father has forbid the Son.

Lord *Buſh.* No Change of Fortune, but a Charm endears,
As from wide Death diſtinguiſh'd by a Crowd
Of deſtin'd Heroes, who, in former Years,
Were ever laviſh of (*b*) *Lavinia*'s Blood,
And Trode the Tide-way of impending Snares,
We're charm'd at once into a laſting Good,
And taught to triumph o'er inteſtine Wars.
--- From mighty Battles loſt the *Engliſh* turn,
And in Red-ropie gore the Ghoſts are ſeen,
Alike they move, alike with us they mourn,

And

(*b*) Lavinia *is Lenox Shire, but it is here underſtood for the Kingdom, on Account of their old Fidelity.*

And both Assemblies have the like Design
For a confirm'd Union; should the Foe
Be now and ever henceforth no more so,
And we within thir consecrated Walls,
Hold no more Converse with confederate *Gauls*.
Cal. Gods! what Red-lightning in your Language rolls,
You talk of Union, while you truly aim
At Slavery and the Servitude of Death.
Quick let us hence *Cardenia*, here's a Hell,
A Herd of human Divels, to subvert
At once our darling independent State.
--- Tho' *England* shed our Blood; yet we can boast
That Liberty they have so often lost.
Card. Just so, my Sovereign, 'tis the *Saxon* Pride
We imitate, while we are taught by them,
To talk of Armies, moe than e'er was led,
And burn down Cities that had ne'er a Name.
Lord *Trap.* Damn it *Cardenia*, it demeans a Queen
To be refractive in so fair a Case,
What Plague in Hell, shall *England* all alone,
Command the Commerce of the *Indian* Coast,
While we're intitled to an equal Share,
And for a Triffle may possess Empire?
Card. All's nought to you, my Lord, and still that All,
I mean our Empire, is the only *Butt*,
At which, for now the Space of twenty Years
And upward, you have been inur'd to shoot.
For who can fancy that officious Court
Will give Plantations to *Platonick* Foes,
Without a seen Advantage or Design,
By way of Barter for a better Clime.
Lord *Ram.* Divine *Cardenia*, that important Morn
Shall usher'd be by your endearing Blush,

While

While *Triton* o'er the Surface ſounds his Horn;
And Deeps ſalute the Dawning with a Ruſh.

Card. I wiſh from my Heart, my Lord, we may not have Occaſion hereafter to mourn as well as bluſh: For why,

To be in Union with an armed Foe,
Has no Precedent, in ſo far's I know.

Cal. My Lords, I cannot liken my Concern;
To any other than impriſon'd Air,
When pent up in a Parlour of the Earth,
That pregnant, preſſes its impetuous Way.
--- So this intended Union, I muſt own,
Is ſuch a Weight upon my weaker Side,
That all my Senſes ſtruggle to get out.
--- For what is their *America* to us,
When once our Treaſure is intirely gone?
Or where withal can we pretend to trade,
When *Engliſh* Duty has drunk up our Coin?
--- No, Heavens forbid, that it ſhould e'er be told,
We lov'd the Tyrant for his Tuns of Gold;
Or that we are Degenerate ſo far,
From our Fore-father's, as to flatter War.

Act I. Scene II. *Edinburgh* Senate-Houſe.

Argument, *Caledon*'s Averſion to the Union.

Enter Caledon *and* Cardenia.

Cal. THis Day *Cardenia*, this important Day,
Shall cloſe my Empire, or erect a Throne
Eternal, as the (c) *Druids* we adore,
Or ſtain my former Conduct with a Crime
I never knew.
Ye Gods, What Safety is there in a State,
When jarring Tumult, a red Tempeſt rolls

Like

(c) Druids, *old Deities in the Time of Paganiſm.*

Like to the raging Sea; when riſing Heaps
In a huge Body, Battle every Blaſt;
Till back to *Æolus* the airy Foe
Wings his wide Courſe:
And then becalm'd, the creeping Surges run
'Gainſt one another, till they are undone.
--- Even ſo it is with our unſettl'd Court,
Who now, when ſeated in a Silver Sphere,
And not diſtracted by the Din of Arms,
Do each pretend to penetrate Empire,
And are impatient who ſhall firſt conclude
A full Confederat Union with the Foe,
While they themſelves are no way uniform.
Yet all agree, with one united Voice,
That this Alliance ſoon will counterpoiſe
The Loſs of *Darien*, tho' they cannot ſhun,
To know, that *England* aims at *Caledon*.
Thou, curs'd Ambition, art the Bane of Life.
Card. Deſtruction, Madam, do not you command
The old *Emperial* Ocean to the *Eaſt*,
That ſtretches forth its foaming Arms, to yield
To you, its Miſtreſs, all its Marine Wealth.
The *Weſtern* Main, where no material Ground,
For human Beings to ſubſiſt, we know,
Around this little World with wanton Waves,
It ſports its ſelf, and with a Sigh retires.
Yea the black *North*, where Night and Darkneſs dwell,
Pours forth its finny Store, while with the Stream,
They come a Tribute to *Imperial Scoon*.
Cal. Grant it is ſo, *Cardenia*, ſtill alas,
The Narrative of my unnatural Sons,
Is all in Nature that diſturbs my Reſt:
For why, they will not liſten unto me,
This woful Union has bewitch'd them ſo:

Card. Confuſion! Madam, do you not command
This Iſle not only, but an Age of Death.
Up then, and uſe your Power, and if ſo be,
That no Advice will operate at all,
Riſe with Advantage, and Revenge yourſelf.
Command the Ocean to encounter them,
Or Earth to ſpew them out into the Sea,
There to hold *Union* with the *Indian* Shark,
And bow to the *Egyptian* Crocodile.

Cal. A killing Sentence! Shall theſe very Sons,
Sprung from a long illuſtrious Race of Kings,
Who ſhone in Conqueſt, and did ſhare the (*d*) Globe,
Be in an Inſtant over-run with Floods,
And by an Inundation be undone.
--- No, I'll endeavour to diſwade them ſtill,
By Imprecations, Tears, Intreaties, Prayers,
And if no Admonition will prevail,
My ſelf ſhall ſuffer, ſo that they may live
In Servitude, and have themſelves to grieve!
" For when the Sea o'erſets its ſwadling Band,
" And bids Defience to its bounding Sand,
" The proud Poſſeſſors of the Earth embarque,
" In ſeen Deſtruction, not in *Noah*'s Ark,
" While Fiſhes favour'd by the friendly Floods,
" Float o'er the Mountains, and are fed in Woods.

The End of the firſt Act.

Act II. Scene I. *Edinburgh* Senate-Houſe.

Argument. *Commiſſioners from* England *urge an incorporate Union with the* Scots, *and are anſwered in general Terms.*

Enter the *Scots* Union Makers.

L. *Buſh.* A Thouſand dark perplexing Thoughts prevail,

(*d*) *Share the Globe, meaning their Original from* Greece *the third Monarchy.*

And are the hourly Practice of my Soul;
Sometimes I feel Averſion to the Scene,
At other Times my Temper's all a Flame;
I ſee at once an unexhauſted Store,
And ſtreight again a *Dunghill*, and no more.

Lord *Ram.* What way ſo ever our illuſtrious Court
Is pleas'd to order, I aſſent thereto,
Becauſe I'm conſcious no intended Wrong
Wings from the Heart, nor warbles from the Tongue
Of any Patriot here, whoſe proper Merit,
Rules all the Motions of a mighty Spirit.

[*Enters a Watch haſtily.*]

Watch. My Lords, while I ſtood Centinel at the Gate, I was importun'd by Two in the Habit of Noblemen, to inform this Honourable Houſe, that they had ſomething of Conſequence to impart, and would be proud to be admitted. I ſuppoſe they are *Engliſhmen*, for I could not underſtand one Word of Ten they ſpoke, till they had repeated the ſame ſix Times over.

Lord *Trap.* If by their Saul they ſwore, then you may know,
That they are *Scots* by Blood, and wounds the Foe.
Go uſher them in immediately.

Watch. I go, my Lord, but if they underſtand my Language no better than I did theirs, 'tis like ye will not ſee them this Day for me.

[*Lord* Buſh *looking out.*]

L. *Buſh.* They are indeed the famous Earls of *Ford*,
Employed in an Embaſſy of Peace:
For I'm perſwaded, their Commiſſion bears
Somewhat relating to our late Deſigns.
--- But 'tis our Wiſdom, wiſely to decline
All Poſitives, pretending a Surpriſe,
And every Thing as ſtrange and new to us,
And this will make them with more Ardour preſs,

The

The Union with additional Increaſe.

L. *Branch.* I'll humour that, my Lord, for lo they come,
Nor am I unprovided to impugn.

Enter Lord Ox. *and* Or. *who are welcomed by Lord* Buſh *in name of the Court.*

L. *Buſh.* We greet you well, and may the Gods confirm
A future Friendſhip, that ſhall ever yield
To us the Earneſt of an after Peace.
Thrice welcome to this Corner of the Iſle,
In name of *Caledonia* and the Court,
How is our Sovereign and your *Saxon* Lords.

L. *Or.* Our Queen and Council ſend continued Health,
To each Poſſeſſor of your *Caledon*,
And charg'd us to ſalute you in their Names,
When we, at parting, left the purling *Thames*:
--- High flew the Barges, by the Billows driven,
Till we arriv'd at *Leith*, our long'd for Haven.

L. *Trap.* There's been indeed a Devil in the Sea,
For Waves have riſen to *Olimpad*'s Top;
But, what they do portend, I cannot tell,
For in an Inſtant, they ſunk down to Hell,
--- Then gave a Sigh, as they began to ſoar,
--- And in a groaning Tempeſt tumbled o'er.

L. *Branch.* Be pleas'd to take your Seats, for we have done,
And there's no Secret under any Tongue.

When ſeated, Lord Buſh *to Lord* Ox.

What News at Court, my Lord, is there a Croſs
In *Europe*, or an univerſal Peace,
Are Princes reconcil'd, or do they ſtrive,
Who firſt ſhall die, or be the laſt alive.
--- But what concerns us moſt, is, that we may
Hear your Commiſſion, and in Heart obey.

L. *Ox.* We know, my Lords, that ye are not conform
To our Election, and we likewise fear,
Your Opposition may portend a Storm,
And prove the Subject of a Civil War.
— Therefore our Fathers, from a friendly Zeal
To their own Country and your *Caledon*,
With one Consent commission'd us to you,
With an incoporate Union in our View,
Where all the Profit *England* can propose
To themselves by it, is to bound their Foes,
And you have all Advantages that can
Be thought to harbour in the Heart of Man.

L. *Bulb.* O strange! my Lord, what Stratagem is this,
At once Incorporate with our *Caledon*;
I know not how to name it, for till now,
It never entred in a human Brain;
Why, may not a Confederate Union do,
And even that same would be a short Surprise;
But sure it is a Vapour or a Dream,
For all around me stands the Rage of Night,
And grant it real, I have no Return
To make: because, the Country must consult,
Before it can be brought to a Result.

L. *Ox.* And are you only set there, my Lord, as one of the *Roman* Tribunes, whose Office it was to inform the People, and till then had not a Power to act. You talk of a Confederate Union, I pray ye, what other have we been under, ever since it was our Lot to be subject to one and the same Sovereign, sure it must be no less Surprise for us, to hear one of your Ability's scruple your own after Felicity, than it is for you to hear us urge an incorporate Union, which is not our Interest to press, seeing we can be but little profited thereby.

L. *Branch.*

L. *Branch.* My Lord, the Nature of an Union lyes
Not in unruly Paſſion, but a pure
Refin'd Conception, and a ſettled Brain,
And in that Balance I have found a Bar
To our incorporate Union, where the Bait
Is new Plantations and a powerful State.
--- Reſtore to us, my Lords, our *Darien* Trade,
And then ye may with Confidence depend
On a confirmed Peace, which ſhall proclaim
The Union under any other Name
Than what you do propoſe; yet ſhall it prove
The ſame in Subſtance and a Seal of Love.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene II. *Edinburgh* Senate-Houſe.

Argument. *The* Scots *Union Makers are enamour'd at the Approach of Queen* Roſanna, *and alarm'd by an Inſurrection from the* Weſtern *Shires, which* Branch-ha *moderates by a cunning Harangue.*

Enter the *Scots* Union Makers.

L. *Branch.* MY Lords, with all Submiſſion to Empire,
I pant for Union, may the Gods inſpire
Each frigid Soul with a ſeraphick Flame,
And grant that Favour we're afraid to name,
By other Flattery, than a fair Diſguiſe,
For that is what we either muſt maintain,
Or all our mighty Meaſures will be broke,
And in a Moment we'll have no Machine,
Nor other uſeful Inſtrument at Work;
--- And therefore, is it I expect Applauſe
From what is either the Effect or Cauſe.

L. *Buſh.* And no great Wonder, for in every Word
You chang'd your way of thinking, and no Tract
Nor trode Impreſſion was to trace you back;
But I perform'd my Part to a Surpriſe.

And

And made the Matter Miſt before their Eyes.
L. *Ram.* I ſwear, my Lords, ye did extremely well,
In that ye held the *Saxons* in Suſpence,
And had your Inclinations in Reſerve.
At a Sound of Trumpets, Branch-ha *diſcovers* Roſanna.
Branch-ha, What bluſhing Goddeſs do I now behold,
Drawn by white Horſes in a ſhining Car,
Her flaſhing Garments fly in ſtreaming Gold,
And o'er her Temples trips the Morning Star!
[*Lord* Trap *looking out.*]
L. *Trap.* The *Saxon* Queen by Jove. Now, now, ye Gods,
Bear us (impatient) to theſe bleſs'd Abodes,
Where Beauty reigns,
And may we never be the Antipodes
Of precious Things.
Enter Roſanna, *received with a Bow, and conducted to the Royal Chair, by Lord* Buſh, *who congratulates her thus.*
L. *Buſh.* This Royal Chair becomes a Royal Dame,
Bleſs'd in whoſe Preſence we are proud to boaſt
A richer Treaſure than the travelling *Ar'bs,*
Or wandering *Scythians* thro' the ſhining Paths
Of gleaming Mountains and unmeaſured Gold.
— Hail charming Goddeſs, hail *Roſanna* Queen,
To you fair Princeſs, we perform our Vows,
To you it is we hand the Scepter down,
And for your Safety ſacrifice our own,
To follow you, we'll furrow up the Waves,
And if not Subjects, we'll be happy Slaves.
L. *Trap.* I'll periſh rather, yea, an abject Slave
Is Death, the Devil, and a downright Hell:
— No, no, my Lord, if that is your Deſign,
You bargain only for your ſelf alone.
— This, with Submiſſion to the *Engliſh* Queen,

think ſhe does not by her Viſit mean.

Roſ. I ſhould be ſorry, my Lord, to ſee any under my Authority entertain the leaſt Apprehenſion of Slavery; for thereby I ſhould loſs my Aim, which is not to diſpirit Princes, but inſpire in them a ſpecial Regard to Liberty, and a Love to that Sovereign under whoſe Shade they enjoy a Privilege, equal to that of her own; and I would be worſe than an Infidel, did I not know how to put Reſpect upon Merit, to reward a Favour, and Revenge an Injury. And I ſhall be proud hereafter, to know, that I have contribute any Thing towards the Welfare of ſo wiſe and warlike a People.

L. *Branch.* And we, your Friends, will all your Fame record
In great and gleaming Capitals of Gold.

L. *Ram.* Our Peers, fair Princeſs, do not promiſe more,
Than what they will endeavour to perform,
They love you with an ardent Zeal, and long
To have the Thiſtle quarter'd with the Roſe,
The *Albion* Lyon in the *Engliſh* Arms,
And themſelves in the Order of Saint *George*,
All theſe, *Roſanna*, are regaling Charms.

A Tumult of Tongues in the outer Court. Crying out.

Mob. Down with the Union Parliament, down, down,
Liberty and Property, no Union.

[Roſanna *trembling.*]

Roſ. Ah! ſtrange, my Lord, is this your loyal State,
I greatly fear, that I'm ordain'd to fall
A Sacrifice to this inſulting Mob,
Would God I were in *England* once again.

L. *Buſh.* No fear, *Roſanna*, we ſhall ſilence them,
So ſoon as we know, who is on their Head.

The back Screen opens, at which Two look in and cry.

Mob. No Union, my Lord, no other Queen than *Caledon.*

[*Lord* Branch-ha *to the Mob.*]

L. *Branch.* How now, my Friends, what makes this great ado,
Are we all mad Men, think ye to conſent
To ſeen Deſtruction and diſcerned Woe,
Where we our ſelves would firſt ſuſtain the Blow.
--- No, Heaven's avert it, that we ſhould exchange
Our happy Conſtitution for a Curſe;
But ſay, my Brethren, who commands in Chief,
And from what Number we expect Relief.

[*It is anſwered by One of the Mob.*]

Mob. Our *Weſtern* Hoſt is twenty thouſand ſtrong,
And great Sir *Damon* glitters in the Van.

L. *Branch.* I know the warlike Knight, and wiſh he may
Be rul'd by Reaſon, and defer to Day
The dire Effects of a domeſtick War,
This tell my Kinſman, Countryman and Friend.

Mob. We ſhall, my Lord, but if what's ſaid be true,
You're to be doubted every Day, adieu.

[*They remove.* --- *Lord* Trap *to Lord* Branch-ha.]

L. *Trap.* Curſe on theſe light-headed Devils, what were they driving at and be damn'd to them, bullering like a Parcel of Brutes about an Union they know as little the Nature of, as I do of *Preſter John's* Empire.

L. *Branch.* My Lord, I've found a Way to fathom their Inclinations, and ſuppoſe, I ſay it, fool them too, I am not far out of my Road. --- Yet they ſtill ſuſpect my Sincerity.
--- Nor will they Credit either Word nor Oath,
--- Affirming, I am to be fear'd in both.

Reſ.

Ros. You talk of Fear; but I ſuppoſe, I had the beſt Reaſon to be afraid: My very Spirits fail'd me, and my Speech was loſt; where then was my Heart, when all my Hair ſtood on Edge, and a Chill-fit of the Ague infected every Fibre, which has not left me yet. --- Bleſs me! when I ſaw their Bonnets, Plaids, Broad Swords and belted Piſtols, I clapt my Hands on my Eyes, that I might not ſee my ſelf die; for I was really perſwaded, that I heard the Bullets ſinging about my Ears. However, to ſave them the Trouble of *A ſecond Viſet I'll veer off.*

--- For ſoon their Minds, that, like the Wind or Tide,
--- Are always rolling, may revolve in Blood.

Exeunt.

The End of the ſecond Act.

Act III. One Scene. *Edinburgh* Senate-Houſe.

Argument. *The Union Articles oppos'd by the Lord* Caſtrum.

Enter the *Scots* Council, and *Engliſh* Commiſſioners.

L. *Buſh.* ALtho' the Storm be o'er, the Streamers ſtill
Portend another Plunge, or Purple Shower,
Big in the *Weſt*; but when the Tempeſt rolls,
With all its Sables, to this Senate-Houſe,
We know no further than its fatal Sting
Is ſtill a Strait on us, and ſtrangely bore
In to the Boſſes of our beſt Deſigns.

[*Lord* Buſh *to the* Engliſh *Commiſſioners.*]

And happy was it for you to decline
The former Diet of this doubtful Day,
Where ſuch ſevere Difficulties were toſt,
That we had given up our ſelves for loſt.

L. *Or.* Are there ſuch killing Arguments in force

Againſt the Union Articles, that we
Abſconded, having nothing to object,
Nor no Aſſurance of our ſelves, to ſhare
In ſuch a polite principal Affair.

L. *Trap.* Polite. --- By God, it was ſo far from being Polite, that I never ſaw a more unpoliſh'd Piece in my Days. Yea, the Devil himſelf, had he been here, could not have look'd with a more ſhagreen Countenance than moſt of them did.

L. *Or.* Who do you mean by my Lord.

L. *Branch.* The Mob came roaring to the Royal Stage,
With Sounds diſtracted, like the troubled Sea,
Or humming Bear bereav'd of all her Cubs,
When faſt ſhe follows on the flying Prey,
And by a freſh Effluvia finds the Way;
So they in reſtleſs Numbers hither range,
And, what's not common, incommode a Change.
--- The fair *Roſanna* ſaw them with Surpriſe,
And, in Confuſion, ſhut her ſhining Eyes;
Yea, the moſt daring Stateſmen doubting ſtood,
And found no moving in their Maſs of Blood.

L. *Ox.* My Lord, you ſhould have preſs'd a longer Term;
For tho' *Hyperion*'s Car has not yet run
Olympiad's Height, not equal'd *Tenneriff*,
Nor touch'd at *Atlas*, in his airy Throne
Ten thouſand Regions from the riſing Sun;
Yet ſoon will *Neptune* hear his Horſes neigh,
And give him Entrance to our *Antipodes*,
And then no more of Union; but a Mob,
Which neither fears the Frowns of Man nor God.
--- But now, when *Titan* is upon the Way,
And with him brings a Load of bleezing Day,
We ſhould improve this precious Part of Time,
That ſtill is poſting to a purer Clime.

[*Lord*

[*Lord* Buſh *to the* Scots *Council.*]

L. *Buſh.* Thus far, my Lords, does their Affections run,
To make us happy at their own Expence,
And give us Kingdoms conquered to our Hands;
Where all our Labour is to load each Car
With gleaming Ingots of engaging Gold,
Or richer Cargoes of uncommon Stones:
As when from *India*'s Adamant are tore
Sparkles for the (e) *Indoſtan* Diadem.
--- Yet I pretend not to preſcribe a Rule,
To any tender Conſcience truly cruel.

L. *Trap.* Theſe *Indian* Pearls, precious Stones, and Studs
Of ſtreaming Gold, have all the Strain of Gods.
I preſs unto them, ſhould they prove a Curſe,
A Plague hereafter, or a Pennance worſe
Than he who hides in Flames, and found a Hell
In every Fibre, from the Hour he fell;
For who in Reaſon, can reject theſe Terms,
That add (f) a *Cræſus* to our Coat of Arms.

[*Lord* Caſtrum *to the* Engliſh *Commiſſioners.*]

L. *Caſtrum.* My Lords, your Articles are all of ſuch a lambient Nature, that one can no more look pointedly at them, than he can hold his Eyes ſteady in the Beams of a Meridian Sun. They are, indeed, an external Body of extraordinary Beauties, and if the internal Parts thereof poſſeſs the ſame ſhining Qualities, we ſhould be worſe than mad Men to make any ſcruple about them. --- But I am afraid, my Lords, the Subſtance is not conform to the Shell, and that neither the Appearance, nor Poſſeſſion, can profit us, ſeeing it is only ſuperficial

(e) Indoſtan, *one of the Diviſions of* India, *ſubject to the Great* Mogul.

(f) Cræſus, *King of* Lydia, *fam'd for his Riches.*

Luſtre; which I can liken to no other Artifice, than that of the Serpent *Scytale*, who, when he cannot overtake the flying Paſſenger, throws himſelf into different Poſtures, and having there diſplay'd a little Landſcape of Embroideries, he, by his bewitching Colours, draws in his Admirer only to be a Partaker of his Paſſion, and a Prey to his Sting. And from this we may learn what it is to truſt to the colourable Pretences of an Enemy, tho' never ſo entertaining or amiable: For ſure I am, there is a Viper under this invented Union, that, e're long, will gnaw into the Bowels of our beloved Country, and continue ever after with us for a Curſe.

[*Lord* Caſtrum *to the* Scots *Council.*]

L. *Caſtrum.* But you, my Lords, who are allay'd to Fame,
By your Anceſtors of the ancient Race
Of *Albion*'s Heroes, who have heretofore
Maintain'd our Honour at their own Expence;
--- Of you, I ſay, we have ſome Ground to hope,
That ſo much of the Father yet remains,
That ye will not give *Caledonia* up
To the Reverſions of a red Revenge.
For why? 'tis certain, that the *Engliſh* aim
At nothing other than an antient Grudge;
And, under that of Union, entertain
The Name and Notion of a new Refuge;
Which is to draw us once into a Peace,
Whereby they'll equal every Prejudice,
And gain by Fraud, what the Effects of War
Has left unto them for a laſting Scar.

[*Lord* Buſh *to Lord* Caſtrum.]

L. *Buſh.* I am perſwaded, my Lord, that the Averſion you bear to this incorporate Union, does not proceed from any real Prejudice you entertain, but out of a tender Regard to Liberty, which you apprehend will be hereby loſt; and this Fear makes you

you look upon every Article, as an Enemy to our Intereſt, without being at the Pains to penetrate into its other Perfections, ſuch as, the Effects of Union and Empire: for did you ponder on theſe aright, it is not to be doubted, but you would be one, the moſt Impatient of any, to embrace it in all its Beauties, of which, we will have Occaſion to diſcourſe hereafter. Mean while, for a Moments Recreation, let us retire. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

Act IV. Scene I. *Edinburgh* Senate-Houſe.

Argument. *The Union Articles impugn'd by the learned Lord* Bel. *in the Three general Articles of his Parliamentary Prophecy.*

Enter the *Scots* Council and *Engliſh* Commiſſioners.

L. *Buſh.* HOW ſlow we move! --- Behold the rolling Day,
That with ſwift Paces flies the Morning Car,
And ſhould we then endeavour a Delay,
When Hours are poſting, and the Time draws near,
That in the ſwelling Surge the Silver Sun
Shall plunge his fiery Steeds, --- In Streams careſs'd,
When once the *Ambit* of his Circle's run,
And by the tumbling Shades of Night ſuppreſs'd.

Lord Trap, *in Name of the Court.*

L. *Trap.* My Lord, our Anſwers are, that we aſſent:
For there's none other than this ſingle Peer
[*Pointing to Lord* Bel.]
Who make wry Faces at the wounding Word,
For ſo the Union is deſign'd by him,
--- Who big with ſome new Birth or bold Affair,
Has call'd a ſecond Senate in his Heart,
Whoſe Sentiments we ſhall be proud to hear,
And he perhaps as willing to impart;

For

For, as you ſpake, we ſaw his Spirits roll,
And ſtruggle with his Body as it were.
---And now his Face is all a flaming Red,
Where every Treat is of a *Tyrian* Dye,
Like as when, after Cups, a Courtier comes
With ſome new Project prinkling in his Veins.

Lord Bel. *to the* Scots *Council.*

L. *Bel.* I ſee not how any one Article of this incorporate Union can Profit us; and I can aſſure ye, my Lords, that the Apprehenſions of this helliſh Deſign holds me in a continued Ague, and is ſuch a Weight on my Spirits, that I am obliged in Duty to disburden my ſelf thereof, by laying before this honourable Houſe, what will be the melancholly Effects of this incorporate Union, as it is ſuggeſted to me by the immediate Dictates of an inſpir'd Couſcience, in the following Heads.

I. Article of the STATE.

I Think I ſee an Independent Crown,
A Nation free, and conquering Kingdom own
Her ſelf a Vaſſal to invective Foes,
When neither Arts nor Arms could make her loſe
That Liberty, till now of late conſpir'd
Her wicked Sons, by watchful *Saxons* hir'd,
To give them up, what they attempt, in vain,
Two thouſand Years by Fraud and Force to gain;
Yea that, for which the World ſince *Noah*'s Flood,
And now *European* Empires ſwim in Blood.

II. Article of the CHURCH.

I Think I ſee a ſacred ſhining Church,
Fix'd on a Rock, and figur'd in the Porch,
With all the Myſteries, Morals and Commands,
Of Martyrs murdered by malicious Hands,
'Gainſt whom no human Art, nor Heir of Hell,
That e'er attempt it, ever could prevail,
It being ſecur'd by Claims of ſacred Writ,

In

In ſtrict and pointed legal Sanction ſet,
Hedg'd, fenc'd and furniſh'd, till that fatal Hour,
With edg'd eternal Aid and ſovereign Power.
--- Now wilfully deſcending on a Plan,
Or woful Level with the worſt of Men.

III. Article of the Kingdom in general.

BUT above all, my Lords, behold the Queen
Who twice two hundred *Luſtres* lov'd Empire,
See on her golden Creſt and glittering Van
A Hoſt of Heroes hatch'd in Gleams of Fire,
Who by their Power procur'd immortal Fame,
Till now of late, alas! our leading Star
Like, at a Diſtance, a deſcending Flame,
Is tumbled down from her triumphant Car.
--- For now, I ſee in Solitude and Pain,
Our former Princeſs in a poor Attire,
Like *Cæſar*, in a Senate of her own,
Beg one calm Moment that ſhe may expire.
And when denied of that one Demi-bleſs,
She with a languiſhing, yet lovely Eye,
Views all around her with a rueful Wiſh,
And, in that Poſture, ſhe's prepar'd to die:
Till at the Sight of her inſatiate Race,
Who each approach her with a pregnant Woe,
She, with her Royal Veſture, vails her Face,
And under that attends the killing Blow.
--- And are not theſe, my Lords, afflicting Thoughts,
Yet not the one Half that occur to me,
Which in the Compaſs of an Union Curſe,
Shall be the Clock-work of our Miſery.
--- Are ye ſo blinded, and your Ears ſo dull,
Your Hearts ſo hardned, and your Tongues ſo ſtill,
Your Hands ſo fetter'd, that ye cannot ſhun
This Union, whereby we'll be all undone.
I leave it with you, and I wiſh ye may,
As is incumbent, give your Conſcience way. *Exeunt.*

Act

Act IV. Scene II. *Edinburgh* Senate-House.

Argument. *The Union, urg'd by the* Engliſh *Commiſſioners, approved by the* Scots *Union Makers, oppos'd by the learned Lord* Bel, *and ſign'd at the Requeſt of* Roſanna.

Enter the *Scots* Council, Queen *Roſanna*, and *Engliſh* Commiſſioners.

L. *Ox.* HOW long, my Lord, muſt we attend Delay?
As if the *Engliſh* had no other Aim,
Than here to triffle off a Train of Day,
And wait with Patience a *Platonick* Dream:
For now the Sun's declining to the Deep,
And all that hath been acted hath been ſleep.

L. *Trap.* By my Soul, my Lord, you have ſaid it, they are faſt aſleep indeed, and ſtill dreaming about new Worlds, and the Way to *Darien*, which is all the Length they have come in their incorporate Union. — Curſe on them and their crooked Geography.

L. *Ram.* I am not ſo proud of my Performances, as not to accept of a Patron: For as I act by Example, I hope this honourable Court will order me a Copy, which I ſhall be careful to imitate, as near as I can.

L. *Trap.* By God, great Fortune and a whole Empire
As much as Hand can touch, or Heart deſire.
— Reach here the Pen, I'll be the Perſon curs'd
Of all Mankind, if it includes the firſt
Who to each Sentence ſets his Seal and Name,
So may they Periſh, who protract the Time.

L. *Branch.* I only beg, that I may be the laſt,
In caſe ſoon after we ſhould be diſturb'd
By head-ſtrong Faction, and a fooliſh Croud,

The

The only Creatures that do crawl in Blood:
For thereby, ſhall I with Aſſurance Quell,
The great Sir *Damon*, and the greater *Bel*.

L. *Bel*. Who me, my Lord, you miſtake your ſelf, I am not to be catch'd in the Cob-web of your Counterfeits: Tho' you may command others, and carry the Parliament where you pleaſe, which will be no Hardſhip on thoſe, who, having ſold their Country, chooſe never to ſee it oftner than once a Year, to fleece it off their Farms, and purchaſe therewith Fortunes in *England*, and who, out of a Propenſity to pleaſe, and with an Eye to their Penſions, will add a *Sic fiat* and *Amen* to their ſerpentinal Projects, and by theſe authoriz'd Robberies, with other annual Cuſtoms and Exciſe, without any Returns of Equivalent, or Encouragement to Trade, ſhall we be in an Inſtant anatomiz'd and undone: --- All of which, my Lords, is ſtill in our Power to prevent. For ſeeing by the *Scots* only, *Scotland* can either be eſtabliſh'd or undone: Let us riſe with Advantage, and ſhew our ſelves worthy of our warlike Anceſtors, leſt otherways we become a Monſter of new Predicament, with a huge *Engliſh* Head, and a ſcarce diſcernible *Scots* Body. And ſeeing they are not in a Capacity to force us, we need be no way intimidate at their other Trains; hold but your Hands from the Pen, my Lords, and that alone will ſecure us from all the Machinations of our Enemies.

Who hears the Thunder crackling in the Air,
And begs the falling Bolt may be his Share?
Or would not fly the Flame, that's ſure to ſnatch
The hand and Heart from him that holds the Match?
--- Who for one Day's Profuſe of promis'd Wealth
Would ſtarve, e're, after thouſands with himſelf,

Subject their Sons to Slavery, e're they know
How to offend or fear a powerful Foe.

Lord Caſtrum *to the Council.*

L. *Caſtrum.* Admit, my Lords, our *Caledon* were an intire Mountain of maſſy Gold, thro' whoſe Centre, we ſhall ſuppoſe, there runs ſuch an other River as *Euphrates* or *Nile*, waſhing it down by Degrees into the Deeps. Is it not probable, that this lofty *Olympus*, by a daily Decreaſe of its Mineral, would, in Proceſs of Time, deſcend from a dazling Precipice to a Deſart or Plain. --- *Exit.*

Lord Buſh *being about to ſign the Union Articles.*

[*Lord* Bel. *to Lord* Buſh.]

L. *Bel.* Hold your Hand from the Pen, my Lord, there is a Stream of deadly Poiſon crawling up the Quill, of ſuch ſubtile Parts, that it will inſtantly infuſe its ſelf into every Fibre, and fret there thro' all the exorable Ages of Eternity. --- A terrible Tincture.

L. *Trap.* I pray you, my Lord, do not Plague us with your impertinent Preſcriptions; for ſhould it be Satan's ſelf, that ſays nothing to you, hold ye the farder from it, and then, whether we fall or ſtand, will be no Sting on your Conſcience.

L. *Bel.* That State muſt needs be in a deplorable Condition, which has no other to perſonate it, than People of your Stamp, who right or wrong would make Merchandiſe of it, ſo ſoon as the Buyer ſhall come.

But know, whatever Miſchief may enſue,
Shall with Advantage be reveng'd on you,
Who while you knew the Evil, did partake
Of others Crimes, accurs'd for Cuſtom's Sake.

L. *Trap.* Sir, no more of that Sauce; for, in Contempt of you, this Union ſhall be inſtantly ſign'd.

[*He ſigns, and looking ſternly on Lord* Bel.]

How

How love ye my Subſcription by your own?
See how it glitters like the Grains of Gold,
Does not the Set of every Letter ſhine,
And that declares it to be Superfine?
L. *Bel.* Your Hand, your Heart, your Senſes and your Soul,
Are all polluted and intirely vile.
They having all ſign'd the Union Articles. L. Bel. *adds.*
L. *Bel.* Now is my firſt fam'd Article enroll'd,
Sign'd with a Witneſs, and our Kingdom ſold,
Now Court and Council *Caledon* reſigns,
Not bore by Victors, but betray'd by Friends,
Delivering up what only *Scots* alone,
And thoſe, the worſt Sort, will be found to own.
--- While States, leſs powerful, ſtruggle to maintain
Freedom, that's foreign to a faithleſs Line.
The *Scots* are only ſtudious to obey,
And Court that Bondage, which they brook to day,
--- For which you Authors of your own Diſgrace.
A falſe Infatuate, blind ambitious Race,
Shall dive in Hell, to hide your ſelves in Flames,
Without the Hopes of a hereafter Change,
And then, but not till then, ſhall *Caledon*
Shine like an Angel from *Edina's* Throne.
L. *Trap.* Death, Blood and Murder, Guards remove the *Scot.*
Who holds a Dagger at *Roſanna's* Throat.
—— Guards, Guards. [--- *they enter.*]
Here drag him out, but ſee he make no Din.
[*It is anſwered by One of the Guard.*]
Guard. We ſhall be ſure, my Lord, to ſtrangle him,
If either by a Sign or ſecret Nod.
He ſeek to be protected by the Mob.
--- But in what Priſon will he be ſecure.
L. *Trap.* None better is by Jove, than *London* Tower,
There, in a Dungeon, let the Devil dwell,
Who ſent us lately to a local Hell,

Till he has learn'd Obedience, or become
A Sacrifice to his unruly Tongue.

As they are carrying Lord Bel. *off.* —— *He turning to the Council, ſays,*

L. *Bel.* You Monſters of amazing Wickedneſs, infernal Firebrands, fit only for the Furnace of Hell, which is heaped on to the Height of your Inhumanities, in the Murder of your Mother, and her other Members, where now will your Malice ſtop, that has already equal'd the arch Infernal, and run a Parallel between Patricide and Pride. —— But know, while you are thus in the Zenith of your Expectation, Treaſuring up the Rewards of your Treachery, as it were, for an Eternity to come, ſhall a ſwift Curſe, wing'd from the Arſenal of Juſtice, ſeize you red Hand in your Impieties, who, of all created Rationals, are the moſt unaccountable, in that you have made Merchandiſe of your Country, as it were by way of Lottery and *Leger-demain.* *Exit.*

L. Buſh *to* Roſanna *and the* Engliſh *Commiſſioners.*

L. *Buſh.* I am ſorry, that, by the Inſolence of an officious Peer, the fair *Roſanna* ſhould have been ſo long an Eye and Ear Witneſs to the worſt of Reproach, erroneouſly applied to us, while exerting all our Faculties in the eager Purſuit of Union and Empire, now happily concluded, and received with general Applauſe, celebrate and ſet forth in the uſual Solemnity, with univerſal Rejoicings.

For now the *Abbay* eccho's with Huzza's,
The City ſhakes, Earth ſhrinks, and Hills reſound,
The arm'd Subjects thunder with Applauſe,
And bolting Caſtle drowns the Trumpet's ſound.

And as to the Harmony among the Ætherial *Inhabitants.*

The Linnet whiſtles o'er the Oak,
The Robin o'er the running Brook,

The

The chearful Lark o'er every Hill,
Thro' Hollow Throat, and horn'd Bill,
Sings while ſhe ſeems in Air to hing,
And Chirls ſweetly, Caroling.
--- Beneath a Buſh, or roſie Bud,
The Gold Finch ſighters in the Wood,
The painted Meocks gilded Plume
Spreads forth and ſparkles in the Sun,
While proud of theſe, her Beauties Beams
She flies, reflected by the Streams. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

Act V. one Scene *Edinburgh* Senate-Houſe.

Argument. Caledon's *Fears confirm'd. Her Death and* Cardenia's.

Enter the *Scots* Union Makers, and *Engliſh* Commiſſioners.

L. *Buſh.* NOW on the Verge of Night, what more of Day,
Than was devoted to that dear Deſign,
Could we have wiſh'd for in a Word confeſs'd,
To be a Jubilee of joyful Years,
To us the *Albion* Offspring, who, of all
Our fam'd Anceſtors, only can be ſaid,
By this incorporate Union to poſſeſs,
Honours, prime Dignities, and dazling Thrones:
For by this Plan of Peace we perſevere,
In what affords us all that Heart demands.

L. *Branch.* Juſt ſo, my Lord, for now I think it is,
I ſee at once embroidered *Britain* ſhine,
Like to a Mirrour of fine Merchandiſe,
By the Returns of univerſal Trade.
--- Yet ſtill the Bar to our unbounded Bleſs,
Is *Caledon*, and her *Cardenian* Dame.

L. *Trap.* Hell and Fury, what female Empire is this! We have now got in amongſt the *Amazons*, or

or, what is ſtill worſe, we are unadvertedly Eunuchs in the Palace of *Paſquin*. --- What Women rule over Men, ſure they cannot be living Men, but muſt either be *Egyptian* Mummies, or the Handy-craft of ſome human Mechanick? --- But Patience a little, a female Liferenter is a ready Curſe, a Cumberer of the Ground, a *Phœnix* that flies from the Teeth of Time, who having, as it were, a Leaſe of her Life, is ever unwilling to die, and thus, favour'd by Infirmities, ſhe goes on, till ſome one Expectant or other, gives her an earneſt Under-hand, and by a hidden Violence pilots her off for *Pluto*'s Empire. And this is the Caſe with *Caledon* and *Cardenia*, of whom give me leave to ſay, it were an Act of Charity to uſher them to the other World, who have now out-lived 500 Luſtres, and are ripe for a Change.

L. Ox. *to the* Scots *Council.*

L. *Ox.* You Princes of *North Britain*, (for ſo ye are to be deſign'd from this Day) what now remains to be done, is, that no more Mention be made of *Caledon* and *Cardenia*; but that their Names be buried in Oblivion, and not ſo much as one Veſtige of them left, leſt the Rebellious, by having Recourſe to the ſmalleſt Relique thereof, ſhould, at every apprehended Oppreſſion or Injury in their way of thinking, employ it as a Canker-worm to fret our after Felicity, which would otherways be *Platonick* and Eternal.

L. *Branch.* Believe it, my Lord, that neither *Caledon* nor *Cardenia* can ſurvive this laſt Seſſion of Parliament. [*a Sound of Trumpets.*]

They come not expecting to find a Scaffold here, but as their Dead Warrants are already ſign'd, it is our Intereſt to uſher them off unawares, ſo as they may not know who the Perſons are, that do perpetrate the Murder.

Lord

Lord Trap *holding up the ſign'd Articles.*

L. *Trap.* See there is cold Poiſon for them, with *Cockatrice's* Eyes, a Sight of that will go as great a Length, as the Look of a *Baſiliſk.*

Enter Caledon *and* Cardenia, *who ſeeing the Commiſſioners ſtart back.* --- Caledon *to* Cardenia.

Cal. Bleſs me, Madam, what ſtrange Men are thoſe, ſure they are none of our faithful *French* Allies, who have each the Air of a Gentleman; but theſe have neither their Make nor Manners. Look at them, *Cardenia*, for ah! they are *Engliſh*, I greatly fear, feel but how every Fibre pants; and believe me, *Cardenia*, my trembling Heart beats Time, and Heaves at an equal Pace with every Pulſe. --- Plague on that Union, we're undone.

Card. I would not have your Majeſty ſo partial, as to entertain a Prejudice againſt any Perſon here, till you can warrand it by a well grounded Information.

Caledon. However I'll enquire.

Stepping forward, Caledon *to the* Scots *Council.*

Cal. What are theſe Men? --- From whence, and upon what Embaſſy are they employ'd here?

L *Buſh.* Empreſs of Iſles, on whoſe *Imperial* Brow,
There ſtands a dazling Diadem, whoſe Date
Is twice Two hundred (*g*) *Luſtres* from the Reign
Of *Fergus*, and before in (*h*) *Pharaoh's* Court,
As old as *Egypt.* --- Here an Amethyſt,
A Sapphire, Sardus, and an Onyx ſhine
With ninety Sparkles in a ſpiral Line.
--- High, in an Orb of Adamants decor'd,
Stands one rich Ruby, their refulgent Lord,

Which

(*g*) 400 Luſtres, *accounting* 5 *Years a* Luſtre, *is* 2000 *Years.*

(*h*) *The* Scots *Crown is fabled to have been King* Pharaoh's, *brought over by his Daughter* Scota.

Which precious Gems in golden Borders ſpread
Their Lambient glories round their Sovereign's Head,
That ne'er yet grac'd another Conqueror.
--- And therefore is it, that our ancient Foe,
The only Author of impending Woe,
Has hither ſent Two Officers of State,
To follow Union, and for Union wait,
And this is their Commiſſion from the Throne,
Of two paternal Kingdoms couch'd in one.

Cal. Sir, I love no ſuch Blood Suckers; for, to our ſad Experience, we have been taught oftner than once, not to credit their colourable Pretences. And would you, my Lord, after all thoſe mournful *Memento's*, indulge this new Artifice, which is the only Ram in Reſerve, by which they propoſe to equal our Walls, or enter by Aſſault at the Breach we would then make. --- No, Heavens forbid, we ſhould ſtill ſleep on, till we awake in Slavery, and be inſulted in our Chains, with the Charge of being wiſe *a poſteriori*, when the Blow is given, and a worſe than *Hannibal* in the Heart of our City.

L. *Buſh.* Madam, whatever may follow thereon, there is now no Room for Repentance, it being already ſign'd and ſeal'd by us, after a long and intricate Search into each particular Pipe and Conduit, wherein it is conveyed to our Advantage.

[—— *Producing the Articles.*]

See, there they are in all their additional Honours.

Caledon *ſnatches them from him, and at Sight of the Subſcriptions.*

Cal. What Devils incarnate are included here!
—Ha, Blood and Murder! All the Mines of Wrath,
Are now at once diſcharg'd in flaming Woe.
Ah! Wretches, is there any one Decree,
So diſmal in the Dyries of a God?

Can

Can Heaven, kind Heaven, behold your Perfidy;
And at the ſame Time ſuffer Patricide
To go unpuniſh'd? --- No, the pitying Powers
E're long ſhall equal all of you and yours
With that one *Judas*, who in Judgment ſtood
The Sentence of the ſecond Death in Blood:
For ſure I am, there's not a reder Roll,
Than that, in any Regiſter of Hell.
--- This Union is an univerſal Curſe.

[*She tears the Articles and faints.*]

Car. She faints, the famous *Caledonia* falls,
Not in the Noon of Battle, but by Fraud,
Superior Fraud the Favourite of Death,
And Machination of her murdering Sons.
--- And muſt we part, two Parteners in Woe,
Two old Companions, now in Courſe a Groan,
She moves to Life, O do not, --- do not go,
'Till your *Cardenia* join her *Caledon.*

[Caledon *lifting up her Eye-lids ſoftly.*]

Cal. Who calls me from the Clay, O cruel you,
Muſt I, for once more, meditate on Death.
--- O Death, thou Dread of Nations, thy Empire
Is what I long for; let me now expire.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, *Cardenia*, ceaſe to importune
Or dun the Gods for her whoſe Glaſs is run,
For how can I ſurvive a ſinking State?
Was it for this, I left my (*i*) native *Greece*,
Greece, then the Glory of the Univerſe,
And there the far fam'd *Athens* e'er renown'd,
For divine Honours, Empire, Arts and Arms,
The Cell of Sybils, and the Seat of Gods,
There ſtood *Apollo*'s Oracle, and there
The Seminaries of the holy Seed,
The ſacred Nine in one ſeraphick Quire,

(*i*) *The* Scots *are ſaid to have deſcended from the* Greeks.

And under theſe was the *Athenian* Breed.
--- O fatal Flight, when firſt I found a way
From thence to *Egypt* and (*k*) the ſourceleſs *Nile*,
Then to the farder *Spain*, a ſpiral Ray,
Too prodigal of its Imperial Soil,
Drew me, --- ſtill doubting if it was deſign'd
For my *Hebean* Empire, --- unconfin'd
I tack'd about, and by a tyrant Gale
Soon found *Hibernia* out, old *Heber*'s Iſle,
Yet ſtill in Hopes of better every Breeze,
In ſecret Whiſpers ſung a Sacrifice,
And brought me to my Sorrow here, the Scene
Of Death, --- thou Death and Union art the ſame,
In *Saxon* Symbols, ſet a ſudden Change,
For theſe my Butchers were my bolom Friends.

[Caledon *to the* Scots *Union Makers.*]

Cal. And are you there, my Sons, in whom ſecure
I thought my ſelf, but to my certain Woe,
I find on every Lintel of the Door,
A Line of Blood, whoſe Latitude I know,
To be in Fifty ſix Degrees of Wrath,
For ſo (*l*) *Edina* is deſign'd. --- O Death,
Black as you are, I will embrace the Dart,
And hugg your Horrours in my trembling Heart.
--- For ah! what Language can expreſs my Pain,
I feel my Life's Blood fret in every Vein,

[--- *beating her Breaſt.*]

It ſtrikes me here, and by that fatal Stob,
I die, I die. --- Behold the God the God.

[*She faints, and recovering again.*]

How great, you fates, muſt my Affliction be,
When I loath *Albion*, and think long to die.
How proud was I of an affected Fame,
When Kings turn'd Aſpen at my awful Name,
When red with ropie Gore, a Race of Gods,

From

(*k*) *Becauſe unknown.*
(*l*) *56 Degrees is the Latitude of* Edinburgh.

From *Brutus* ſprung, and from the ſpacious Flood
Of ruined (*m*) *Troy*, ſought a rich Abode,
And found it falling in a Field of Blood,
Thither the two fac'd Deity they bore
The far fam'd *Janus*. --- *Janus* is no more,
For ſoon thereafter, they renounc'd his Rules,
And ſtrove for Empire in my ſovereign Bowels,
By Means of (*n*) Truſt betray'd, they trode the Way,
And loſt (*o*) two hundred thouſand in one Day,
--- The *Romans*, *Normans*, *Britains*, *Saxons*, *Danes*,
Sought to invade me, and envied my Plains;
But as by various Ways the Victor came,
As many various Dreams diſtract his Dame,
Some by a thouſand Darts, a Day of Wrath,
Some in a Flight of Arrows found their Death.
--- For by my *Wallace*, *Douglas*, *Bruce* and *Grahame*,
I ſtill boil'd upward in the bloody Stream,
And bore freſh bleeding Lawrels every Day,
They ſtood the Threatnings of a thundering Jove,
And my beſt Harneſs, was *Hebean* Love.
But now of late, alas the *Saxon* gains,
By artful Ambuſh and unnatural Sons:
[*Pointing to the* Scots *Union Makers.*]
Theſe *Catodæmons*, my curs'd Progeny,
Have been a woeful wretched Sight to me.
[*A ſecond Groan, ſhe ſighs out her Soul.*]

Cardenia to the Council by Turns.

Card. See in your Queen the Colour of Deſpair,
You heavy Monſters of unmingl'd Wrath,
In-

(*m*) *The* Welch *or old* Britains *pretend to have been deſcended from the* Trojans.

(*n*) *In the Contention between* Bruce *and* Baliol, *about the Crown, when* Edward *I. was choſen Umpire, and acted treacherouſly.*

(*o*) *At the Battle of* Bannockburn, *in* Edward *II. Time.*

Infamous you, who in her ſnowy Hair,
Should be as Sparkles, not the Springs of Death,
But, like the Vulture, you envy her Gore,
And no leſs ſoftens your inſatiate Soul,
--- Perfidious you, to whom the Viper hath
A near Reſemblance, by rapacious Rules,
Of Parricide, you perpetrate your Birth,
And gnaw a Paſſage thro' your Parents Bowels.
--- You worſt of Vermine, or the vileſt Clay,
How does the Proſpect of pretended Power
Pervert your Conſcience, and its ſelf convey
In to the Pulp of your polluted Soul,
And thus your Merit is become a Moth,
For ah! alas, too cruel you. --- And oh!
L. Buſh *to the* Scots *Council.* [*She dies.*]
L. *Buſh.* They're both departed, let each Prince prepare,
To enter at that Paradiſe poſſeſs'd
Of more than we imagine in Empire,
Around the (o) *Ganges* of the gleaming *Eaſt*,
For now a *Carduus Benedictus* reigns,
And *Britains* only boaſt of mighty Things.
Exeunt.

CONCLUSION. *If it ſhould be enquir'd, why the Author undertook ſuch a Work, I anſwer, that* Melpominie *being then my Muſe, after I had rifled all the lower Regions, and pillag'd* Pluto's *Empire for a red Poem, I could not fall upon a more Tragical One, than that of the Union.*

" And here amidſt a Field of Foes,
" (Regardleſs if I gain or loſs.)
" May this one Fibre, force its Way,
" Thro' Scourge of Tongues and ſcoffing Clay.

FINIS.

(o) Ganges *a famous River in* India, *dividing it into two Parts*, viz. Indoſtan *or* India *intra* Gangem, *and* India *extra* Gangem.